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A Century of Caste

"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR"

JESSE A. M. WATERMAN

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1800

A Century of Caste,

by

Judge A. N. Waterman.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

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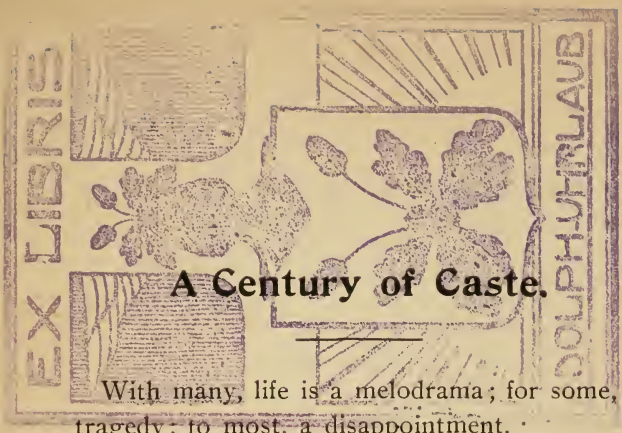

A Century of Caste.

With many, life is a melodrama; for some, a tragedy; to most, a disappointment.

The greater portion of mankind feel that they have been unjustly dealt with, unduly vexed and troubled, not properly appreciated or rewarded; that opportunities afforded to others have been denied to them.

To these, this presentation of burdens they have never borne, is offered for their consideration.

Even the ravages of time proved that the neat, trim figure and the clear-cut features belonged to one who in youth had possessed if not a handsome, at least an attractive form. The expression of intelligence yet remained; the voice was of one accustomed to speak thoughtfully and the manner such as belongs to those who neither fear to offend nor are overanxious to please.

Her speech was like that of persons who, having grown up without attempt at correct utterance, in later years mingle with educated people and themselves receive instruction. At times she spoke as if familiar with the language of

scholars, at other as if she were still a field hand.

Seated in a small frame cottage, clad in black, wearing a ruffled cap of snowy whiteness, in a clear voice she thus began:

"I remember when I was a little girl hearing the white folks talk about Jefferson, Jackson, the people and liberty and the rights of man. I did not think much about this then, and knew very little, but now I know that by the people they meant only white folks, and by the rights of man, only the rights of white men, and that niggers were nobody and hadn't any rights, neither to liberty nor anything else.

"When I was a little girl I was very spry and light upon my feet, and I began to carry things on my head, and I heard the white folks say, 'See that gal, ain't she cute?' This pleased me and I tried to keep myself very straight and have done so all my life.

"At the time I was about twelve years old my master, Mr. Sam Johnson, went as a soldier, to fight with Jackson. He was then past thirty, a lively, pleasant man whom everybody liked. Before going he came to the negro quarters to bid us good-by. Many of the slaves followed him a long way down the road, but my mother stood in the door of our cabin and watched until he went over the hill out of sight.

"I had never before seen her look so sad,

and in the night I heard her crying. My mother was a tall woman whom I thought the handsomest person in the world; I have since seen many grand ladies, yet I think of my mother as I did when our young master went away. What her grief at his departure meant I did not know, nor do I now; yet it may be I have come to understand.

"Some time after this, news came that Master Johnson would never come back, that he was dead.

"Then there was great wailing and weeping by white folks and black, but my mother did not cry and I wondered at it. Standing in the door of our cabin I saw her look up at the stars and heard her say, 'Nobody knows nothing. God don't know, he can't; for if he did he would——'

"'Would what?' I asked.

"'Nothing, nothing, go away child. I wasn't talking to you,' she answered.

"Not long afterwards I was married to a young colored man called Tom. There wasn't much of a wedding or ceremony, but it was understood that I took Tom and he took me, and we lived together.

"Tom was a steady young fellow much more sober in his ways than most of the young negroes, and I don't suppose that I should have taken up with him if he had not been picked out

for me by our master, Mr. William Johnson, to whom the plantation and all the slaves had gone upon the death of Master Sam; but my Tom was so good and kind and gentle that I came to love him, to love him—folks who have so many things can never know how much! he was all I had, all! all! after my mother died, and I loved him, God only knows how well!

"We lived together many years, not a very hard life; to be sure we worked hard, but that's good for folks, white people as well as niggers; keeps 'em out of mischief.

"Our food was coarse, but there was plenty of it; as for clothing, we had all that was needed, no more. Sometimes Tom served as a house servant, but he was not quick, either to understand or to do, nor did he understand a joke, or how to make fun or be lively; so for the most part he and I were field hands.

"We had no children, and sometimes the folks, white and black, used to tell Tom he was a no-account nigger 'cause we hadn't; but I was glad; I had heard enough of mothers being sent away from their children and children from their parents, and I thought, as things were, there were black folks enough in the world.

"Tom was a praying negro, was called a pious nigger; I prayed also and thought I had religion, but neither of us were ever known as shouters, or exhorters, or having the power, or

being filled with glory. Tom, because he was so quiet and dignified, and I, because I did not care very much for anything or anybody but Tom. I used to think that if all the people in the world and all the horses and the cattle were swallowed up, I would not care much, if Tom was left.

"We knew very little of what was going on outside of the county in which we were. There were horse races and elections and camp meetings, by way of which we heard many things; there was much talk about Jackson and his being president, and afterwards of hard times and banks and failures, but we colored folks thought little of these things, and knew less. I only remember that they were talked of; the words linger with me as things I heard said, not that I understood much what was meant.

"Then there was another 'lection with much shouting and singing of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, and we heard that General Harrison, who killed Tecumseh, had been 'lected, and we thought this was because he had shot a bad Injin who had made the white folks heaps of trouble.

"We colored people knew mighty little; the white folks didn't know much, but we niggers were powerful ignorant; we heard some talk about Texas, but about where Texas was or what it was we knew nothing; the most we

thought of was the work we had to do from day to day, what we had to eat, the 'casional births and deaths in the neighborhood, the weather and the crops. Sometimes a nigger was whipped or ran away. If a nigger runned away there was great 'citement 'mong everybody and a big hunt for him.

"At night when everything was still and 'twas all dark, some of us would get together in a cabin and talk dreadful low 'bout de way he went and what made him go and where he had gone or was hiding. An' sometimes, sitting there widout any light save such as come from the stars through the chinks 'tween the logs, we planned to send him something to eat or how to put the hunters on a wrong track; and sometimes all in de dark we listened while somebody under his breath told how de dogs had torn the runaway nigger or how he had been killed; and then nobody dared to speak a loud word or to stir, not that we were so much afraid as we were hushed and awed, and everything seemed solemn an' awful an' de dead to be right there, an' we kinder thought any minute we might see his ghost.

"Such things were not common and for the greater part of the time we led dull, stupid, careless, hopeless lives, just as our owners meant we should. There were frolics at Christmas which most of the slaves thought very fine. I

did not, and Tom never seemed to. Neither of us cared to dance nor to join in the sport that seemed so funny to many.

"My Tom! my Tom! was a gentleman. I have heard tell of General Washington and of the Prince of Wales, and I saw Abram Lincoln once, but my Tom was as good and grand a gentleman as any of them. He had no learning, he couldn't read or write, they wouldn't let him learn; he never had any clothes save what I cut and made out of old cotton stuff, and I wa'nt no tailor, and he never had a pair of shoes that fit and never no blackin' to put on 'em, and his hair never was cut by nobody. but me with a big pair of shears, and I wa'nt no barber, and in all his life he never had no starched clothes, and never had any handkerchief, save a piece of red or blue cotton I cut out for him, but he was the noblest looking and the perlitest and grandest gentleman I ever seed. God Almighty made him a gentleman and nobody could do better.

"In God's own time he who was the least here will stand first in His kingdom!"

It is impossible to describe the fervor with which she uttered these words. Trembling beneath the weakness of ninety years, she rose to her feet, extending her form to its full height, and pointing to the sky, like an inspired

prophetess, cried: "Despised of men thou shalt reign on high!"

* * * * * * *

It was two weeks before this victim of caste was able to resume the story of her life. In a low monotone she then began:

"Did I tell you 'bout the Mexican war and young Massa Sam's going to college? I guess I didn't.

"After General Harrison there was lots of talk about Tyler and Polk and Texas and Mexico and the Mexican war and old Zach Taylor.

"Just as in the time when my mother watched Massa Sam Johnson go over the hill on his way to fight with Jackson, men began to go to fight with Old Zach. This interested and excited the colored people as did races, elections and everything by which the white folks were stirred up.

"Yet it was a thing that did not concern us and in a kinder dull way we knew this, and were not excited by it as we were when a black man was whipped, or a slave ran away and there was hot talk and chase by overseers and masters with horses and dogs. Stupid, ignorant and 'fraid as we were to talk about liberty or running away, we knew that the fellow who did run was one of us; and that he had done what we all would if we dared.

"We didn't hate the white folks; generally we were very fond of our master and his family,

and 'bout the wrong and right of our being slaves few of us thought much and nobody talked.

"We had differences 'mong ourselves, likes and dislikes; no one would have thought it wrong to tell of a nigger who slighted his work; we had our sense of honor and honesty toward everybody; though to have taken a chicken out of massa's yard or a melon from his garden would have seemed to most of us no theft. I don't see now how it was stealing for us to take a little from those who robbed us of everything; but, whatever quarrels we had, there was never a black man who could have been made to betray a runaway. The man who run was fighting with those who held us, and 'spite of love for those with whom we had grown up, 'spite of 'membrances for kindness, 'spite of oaths and curses, of whips and guns, we stood by him who, running afore bloodhounds and rifles, was one of us, a 'damned black nigger,' the white folks said, and we knew that's what we all were, when a white man got mad at us.

"My Tom was as kind as anybody could be; he hated to kill a chicken and he never would go with the boys hunting coons, 'cause he said, 'God made the coon, and he wanted to live and wan't hurting anybody!'

"'How,' he used to say, 'how would we like to have a lot of men and dogs come to our

house in the night and set the dogs on us and beat us over the head with clubs till the blood ran and we were dead?' And he was as truthful a man as ever lived.

"They say George Washington neber told a lie, and perhaps he didn't. My Tom told a lie just once, neber no other time; an' George Washington would if he had been in my Tom's place, else he'd a bin a mighty mean, hard-hearted man.

"One night when we was in bed, I heard some one, stan'in' in de door ob our cabin, say 'Tom, Tom,' and Tom he says, 'Who's dat?' and the man says, 'It's me, Joe Williams; I want to talk to ye.' Then Tom he got up, and Joe told him that he was going to run away, to go up 'Norf,' he said, and he wanted Tom to tell him how to go, what way, how he'd know when he was going along in de night, 'cause he know'd he couldn't go no time but in de night, how he'd know when he was going to de Norf.

"An' Tom he talked to Joe a long time, an' told him he'd better go home and not run away.

"Joe belonged to Massa Jack Williams, whose plantation jined ours.

"Tom told him he'd be caught; that they'd set the dogs on him and kill him maybe, and if dey didn't kill him they'd whip him 'most to death, anyway.

"Joe said 'twan't no use talkin' to him, he was going; that they'd got a new oberseer at Massa Williams'; ob course we all know'd that; we know'd who was de oberseers on all de plantations for eber so far all round.

"Joe said the new oberseer was cross and ugly and had been cuffing and kicking him eber since he'd been there; that he cuffed and kicked eberbody; that there was no way o' pleasing him; that he might as well run away an' be killed as to stay there and be killed by dat oberseer. Joe said dat dat bery day de oberseer had grabbed him by de neck and kicked him 'most to death, 'cause he stubbed his toe and fell when he was carrying a basket o' cotton.

"Tom told him that the Norf was a great way off, an' it would take him eber an' eber so long to git there if he eber did, an' there wasn't much chance he eber would; but Joe said he'd go if he knew he'd be killed, he'd as live die runnin' as be killed workin' for dat damned old brute; and then Joe swore awful, an' Tom laid his hand on his shoulder very gentle an' said, 'Don't, Joe; that won't do you any good or de oberseer any harm, an' it's wicked, 'cause God says you musn't, an' I don't like to hear you, nor does Liza.' An' Joe he stopped a minute an' looked at Tom an' the tears came in his eyes an' he said, 'I ain't a pious nigger like you is, Tom; 'taint in me, an' I ax you and Liza to scuse me

for swearing; if you know'd what I've been through, you'd forgive me, and if God does, he will!'

"Then Tom he saw it wa'nt no use to talk to Joe any more, an' he went out of the cabin wid Joe, an' I followed, an' Tom he took hold of Joe an' turned him round and pointed up to de sky an' to de dipper, an' told Joe how to find de Norf star by the two front stars ob de dipper an' to keep a going just as if he was a walking to de Norf Star an' he'd being a going to de Norf.

"Then Joe he shook hands wid me an' said good-bye, and shook hands wid Tom and said 'good-bye, if ye eber see me agin ye'll see a free nigger or a dead nigger, one or tother,' and then he looked at Tom an' said, very low and gentle, 'I'd like to have ye pray for me,' an' he didn't ask me to pray for him at all, which wasn't queer, 'cause if there ever was a man that stood close up to God, that man was Tom.

"The next day Massa Johnson he met Tom an' he said, 'Tom, hab ye seen Joe Williams round here?' An' Tom said, 'No, Massa,' which was a lie an' the only one Tom ever told. 'The last time I seen him he looked kinder wild and strange an' acted queer, an' I just thought, dat nigger's gone out 'er his head,' which was the truth, though Massa Johnson didn't zactly understand what Tom was talking about.

"Thus the years went along and my Tom was getting grey; folks began to call him 'Uncle Tom.'

" 'Twas long in the fifties; I can't tell the year zactly; dere had been a deal of talk 'bout Pierce and Buchanan and 'bout abolitionists and Kansas and Douglas, but I don't remember the exact time, 'cause things happened dat drove me crazy, and I don't 'member much, but what set me wild.

"My Tom wasn't as strong as he had been; he used to have rheumatiz and sometimes he'd come home at night wid a dreadful headache an' sit down in the corner and I would put cold cloths on his head and the back of his neck, and my Tom wouldn't say a word only, 'Lord bless ye, honey, Lord bless ye, how good ye are to me.'

"It wasn't easy for him to do as much work as he used to 'fore he got so old. He was never a bit lazy, he loved to work; 'twasn't much he had, but he always kept his clothes an' hisself as clean and neat as if he had de finest fixins, an' he always wanted ebrything 'bout our cabin as slick as a parlor; an' as he and I sat there in de ebening he used to take my han' and say, 'Honey, ain't dis most heaven,' an' he tole me many times, 'I don't want to go widout ye, may de good Lord take us together.'

"Der was a good deal of talk 'bout hard times

an' bank failin', and we heard dat Massa William had lost lots of money racing horses and dat it cost a heap ob cash to keep young Massa William up Norf at Yale, but we didn't think a great deal 'bout all this, 'cause we only kept workin' same as we always had and always spected to, and had nuff corn bread an' bacon to eat, wid melons an' peas an' beans an' sich in summer and chickens long in de winter.

"Of course, we had heerd of children being sold away from dere mudders and fathers sent South, an' we thought 'twas awful; but such things didn't happen on our plantation and we all spected to live and die dere just as we were.

"I used to be a famous hand for making hoe cake. Old Massa William used to say 'dere want nobody could make hoe cake like Aunt Liza,' and he used to come in an' say, 'Auntie, I can't get along widout a hoe cake today, can't ye make me one, Auntie?' Ebery little while he'd come for a hot hoe cake, an' de little white boys dey'd come, too.

"One day dere was a couple of little white boys ober to our cabin talkin' with my Tom an' waitin' for de hoe cake when I seed Massa William a comin' wid a big man I had neber seed before. I didn't think nothin' of this, 'cause Massa William lots of times had brought visitors over to our cabin to get some of my hoe cake.

"Massa William and dis big man dey come in. My Tom he was a sittin' in de corner makin' a whistle for one of de boys, an' as soon as Massa William seed him he sed:

"'Get your hat, Tom, I've sold you to this man an' you must go with him!'

"De little boys looked up and kinder stared; dey didn't seem to know what it meant; Tom and I did, but nobody can eber tell or know how we felt.

"I stood dere sorter dazed and dumb and Tom he got up an' stood as if he didn't understan' or know what to do; den Tom he stepped up to me an' he put his arms 'bout me an' sed, 'Good-bye, honey,' and he held me hard an' hugged me close an' it seemed as if he couldn't let go, an' we both 'gan to cry an' de big man he took hold of my Tom an' said, 'Come along,' an' pulled him away, awfully savage, an' Tom he turned an' went out de door wid de big man, an' I tried to go arter him, when I 'gan to tremble an' couldn't put one foot fore de tudder, an' stannin' dere just reached out toward him an' cried:

"'Oh, my God help me, help me, help me,' and eberyting grow'd dark an' I fell on de ground, an' neber seed Tom any more. * * *

"They tell me that after Tom went away I was ill and crazy for a long time; I don't recollect anything about it.

"The first thing I remember is that I was down by the river; it was in the spring and brush, boards and sticks were floating by.

"I sat and looked at them, watching as they went out of sight until I 'gan to wonder where they were going, and then, all of a sudden, I thought they might be going to where my Tom was, and I wanted to jump in the river an' go with them; and then I thought if I could get a chip and mark it so Tom would know it, an' send it down the river, maybe Tom would see it an' know it was from me an' be so glad.

"And then I thought that Tom might not be near the river and might never see it and that there want no way I could let him know how I loved him an' wanted to see him; an' I 'gan to cry, and things grew dark an' I lay there an' didn't know nothing for I can't tell how long; 'cause when I come to, the stars was shining, an' I got up more sad than anybody but God can know, and walked back to Massa's kitchen; 'cause now I lived at de white folks' house an' worked 'bout the place helping to cook an' take care of de folks.

"You see, when I was sick an' crazy all the folks, white and black, felt sorry for me, an' so when I 'gan to git better, as I wasn't very strong, they took me to Massa's house, 'cause dey said de work was light dere.

"Now I never have 'membered about my be-

ing sick after Tom went away, but after watching the river and the sticks floating by, I 'gan to think so much 'bout sending word to Tom an' hearing from him—and oh! de longing for just a word from him——

"I knowed dat dey heard from young Massa William an' writ to him; I heard a good deal of talk 'bout what he was doing an' sometimes I heard letters from him read an' I knowed how glad de white folks was when dey got a letter from him an' how they kept talking 'bout Massa William an' Yale for days an' days afterwards; but I didn't know where Yale was or how de letters got dere; an' whether de river ran dere was more than I could tell. I rather thought it did, 'cause Massa William when he went away went down de river road.

"About this time there was a young woman came from de Norf to teach school. The place where dey had de school was in a little cabin close to Massa Johnson's house, an' de little white children from de plantations all round comed dere to school.

"The little children liked me an' dey used to talk to me 'bout de school an' what dey learned dere; dey was kinder proud of what dey knowed an' used to read to me out of little books an' write wid pencils just to show what dey could do.

"Now I watched mighty close an' looked at

all de books an' at eberything de children writ an' asked all de questions I dared; an' as nobody want watching me, dey was a good many.

"I remember dere was a little book wid a picture of a cat with a mouse in its mouth. I knowed what that was as quick as I seed it; well, right under it was printing, which one of de little boys read to me, an' it was, 'The cat has caught a mouse'; an' so de little children read and wrote for me many things, an' in 'bout a year I knowed most all the letters an' could spell some words, an' read an' write a little.

"Now all this time I had been trying to learn, 'cause I wanted to send a letter to my Tom, an' praps hear from him; but when I got so I could write a few words I 'gan to think how I was going to get a letter to him if I writ one. I didn't know where he was an' nobody did so far as I knew. All I knowed was that there was writ on the letters that I saw,

'Mr. William Johnson,
'New Haven,
'Conn.'

an' bime by there comed a letter from him, saying he had got a letter from home, an' tellin' how he was an' what he was doing an' sendin' love, an' lots of other things.

"I didn't know what 'New Haven, Conn.,' meant, only that 'twas on a letter they sent to him; I always heerd them speak of him as be-

ing at Yale or up Norf, an' I thought my Tom couldn't be dere, 'cause I heerd he was sold South, an' 'cause if he had been where young Massa William was he would a writ about seein' him, 'cause he knowed my Tom well; an' by and by I 'gan to understand that all my learning to write want of no use, 'cause I couldn't get a letter to my Tom nohow and that I should never hear from him agin and he would never hear from me, an' I should never know how he was or where, an' could never send him any word.

"You folks dat has so many things an' hears so often from your folks, your husbands and your children when dey go away, can neber know how I felt when it came to me dat all learnin' to write want of no use; dat all I had done was for nothin' at all, 'cause I should neber know where Tom was an' he would neber know I had writ to him if I did, an' dat neither of us could ever send a word to or hear from the other; then I felt dreadful wicked an' I wanted to curse God an' die; but I didn't, 'cause I thought Tom wouldn't; he don't curse, I said, he loves the Lord an' so must I."

Having said this, the old lady clasped her hands about her knees and, rocking violently forward and backward, sobbed as if the sorrow of many years ago had just come to her.

After a few moments, in a tone tender and trembling, she sang,

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.
Nobody knows but Jesus."

* * * * * * *

"After this I wasn't of much use, round the house or anywhere.

"Some days I didn't seem to remember anything or know what I was doing, but I kept learning more and more how to read and write until Massa Johnson and all the folks found out.

"They was surprised, of course, an' they wanted to know how I had learned, and when I told 'em 'twas the little boys and girls, they just held up their hands and was so 'stonished; first they looked kinder serious, 'cause 'twas 'ginst the law to teach a nigger how to read, an' then they laughed; then they talked to the little folks 'bout it an' they didn't seem to know that they had ever been teaching me; an' then I told 'em how 'twas done and the children laughed an' said yes; an' all the folks laughed an' said, 'Well, I never.'

"There was a good deal of talk 'bout my learning to read an' write, and the old folks used to have me read just to show what I could do, 'twas so curus, they said.

"Nobody seemed to think there was any special harm in it, 'cause I was so old an' sober.

"Thus things ran along until one day a Mr. Brown, who was a congressman, came along on a stumping tour and stopped with Massa Johnson.

"Mr. Brown brought his little boy, about six years old, with him and left him there while he went round that part of his district making speeches and seeing the voters. I took a liking to the little fellow an' he did to me, so much so that when Mr. Brown came back, to please his son, he bought me from Massa Johnson and I went to the home of my new master.

"My new owner, Massa Brown, was re-elected to Congress and I went with his family to Washington. Mr. Brown was an educated man, a graduate; his wife had been reared in the North.

"They took great pains with the education and training of their children, especially as to their speech, so that their pronunciation and use of language should be correct and not such as most of the people round about made use of. I soon saw that they were pleased if I spoke as the children were taught, and I tried to learn and make use of the words and the way Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the children's teacher spoke.

"Of course, in going to and in Washington I saw many things I had never even thought of before, and I should have been greatly excited

and delighted by the big buildings and all the fine sights if it had not been that I was too old, and since I lost my Tom nothing ever seemed to excite me much or please me a great deal. I felt sad all the time, only sometimes more than others.

"Still I couldn't help hearing in Washington a deal of talking 'bout things I had never thought about before, slaves an' niggers an' rights an' laws and so forth.

"I found that there was lots of white folks who said dere hadn't oughter to be any slaves an' that black folks ought to be free same as white ones an' ought to go to school an' learn an' be 'spectable same as if dey was white; but this didn't stir me much—nothing did since my Tom was taken away. I knew that was wrong, wicked, cruel, an' I didn't think much about other things, whether they was right or wrong—maybe 'twas 'cause I loved him so an' was so selfish.

"I knew most everybody grumbled—Tom never did—an' thought they was abused; rich folks as well as poor; an' all the talk about freedom and slavery and what was going to happen if something or other warn't done didn't 'cite me much or even set me to thinking a great deal; till one day I read in a paper—all sorts of papers came to Mr. Brown's house and lay around where anybody could see them—a

speech somebody had made in Congress about slavery and colored folks; and this speech went on to tell about the laws forbidding the teaching of black people to read and write, and how they was kept from learning anything and then despised 'cause they was ignorant and didn't know anything and couldn't and didn't get along and get rich and 'spectable, even if dey was free, an' so folks said they was only fit for slaves an' never ought to be anything else.

"An' the man who made the speech said such laws was wrong an' wicked an' an insult to God and that He would send a great judgment on de land for its iniquity toward de black man.

"That speech made me think a great deal; it put that into my head which has never gotten out an' never will, neither in this life nor in that which is to come.

"It was a long time afore I heard anything that stirred me like the reading of that speech did, although I read a good many things after that and went with Mr. Brown an' his family to lots of places.

"Once we went to New Haven, Connecticut. Mr. Brown's son was going to graduate; he was a mighty smart young man and Mr. Brown was very proud of him. I had learned a good deal since the time when I thought all letters had writ on 'em 'New Haven, Conn.,' so that they would get to the folks they was meant for.

I knowed now that there was lots of places in the world 'sides 'New Haven,' that there was great oceans and lots of land dat stended eber so far and big cities and big houses an' ships and things that I never dreampt of when I had my Tom, an' yet wid all my readin' an' all I had seen, my Tom was more to me than eberything else an' I would rather had him back an' been livin' on de old plantation at Massa Johnson's dan had all de fine houses an' seen all de fine things and knowed all I did 'bout de world an' how to read an' write an' spell an' be perlite an' talk as if I wasn't brought up 'mong niggers. And sometimes I used to think it was wicked for me to talk differently from what I did when I had my Tom an' to see an' know so much that he never heerd of. I knew I couldn't be any better than he was—I had heerd white folks at Mr. Brown's talk of growing away from folks an' of husband an' wife growing away from each other. I knowed what they meant an' I didn't want to grow away from my Tom.

"Whatever he was whenever I came to him on earth or in hebben I wanted to be just as I was when we were together and he loved me so. I 'spose it's dreadful wicked—I've heerd great ministers say that we ought to love God more than anything else, but I never saw the time when I could or did love God half so well as I have loved my Tom for more than fifty years—

an' perhaps God will forgive it in a poor old black woman like me that never had anything else to love—perhaps He'll fling de book in which my sin for loving Tom more than Him is writ down into hell and let it be burned up dere instead of an old nigger like I is.

"We went to New Haven; it's a pretty place, not very big but with lots of great elm trees; an' I walked round with the children an' saw the nicely dressed young men an' the pretty girls, an' heerd so much 'bout the big folks that was dere, dat I should have jist stood an' stared at 'em wid my mouth wide open if it had not been for thinkin' of my Tom. Somehow 'cause of de days when I was wondering if a letter from me marked—

'Tom Johnson, New Haven, Conn.'—

wouldn't go to him; it seemed all de while as if he must be there an' I wouldn't have thought it strange if I had seen him coming in de clouds of heaven; or if I could have gotten away from eberybody if he had walked right up to me an' said 'Liza,' just as soft an' sweet as he used to say it when we were together. Somehow never since he went away have I thought of seeing him again, save when nobody else was by, only he and I an' God, for it has seemed to me all these years that the spot on which we should meet would be holy ground.

"Of course, when we was going to Yale an'

when we were there I heard ever so much said about the blessings of education an' how the foundations of the state were built upon the intelligence of the people an' that the school house was the cornerstone of our civil government; an' how libral everybody should be in the support of learning—I remember the very words they used to speak.

"And I wondered if any of the great orators and the learned professors and the great president had ever thought or preached anything about the law which said that if any person should teach a negro to read or write he should be sent to prison or whipped on the bare back; an' if they hadn't, why it was, if education was such a grand thing.

"When Congress was in session we lived in Washington and when it was not we were most of the time on Mr. Brown's plantation; but wherever we were, I kept hearing more and more talk about slavery and niggers and abolitionists and the Norf and the South. Still I didn't think anything serus was going to come of it, or that the slaves were to be made free or things changed much. I had got over hoping or looking for anything, the great, the only thing I cared for I knew would never be.

"Then I heard that Douglas and Breckenridge and Bell and Lincoln were all running for president, and that it was likely that Lincoln

would be elected, 'cause all the Norf was for him; and that if he was the South would secede.

"This did not move me much; I felt no special interest in the election of anybody save Mr. Brown, 'cause I liked to live in Washington and his folks did.

"November came and they said Abe Lincoln had been elected an' that the South would secede.

"Always before, after election, things quieted down; but now people 'gan to talk more an' to act fiercer than they had afore the voting came off.

"Mr. Brown was opposed to seceding. He thought that the Republicans couldn't do much, anyway, an' that if the Democrats would have some sense an' calm down, that by the time the next 'lection come round the country would be sick of the Republicans and the Democrats would 'lect their man.

"I didn't think so then, 'cause I never thought about it at all; but I think now that though Mr. Brown had lots of slaves an' always stood up for slavery an' swore at the abolitionists and at Abe Lincoln an' the Norf, he wouldn't have cared at all if the slaves had all been set free.

"I remember now that he never said anything 'gainst Lincoln or the Norf or the black Republicans, 'cept when there were other folks doing

it, or he was making speeches or talking to the voters; and I remember that when a little while afore Christmas he read that South Carolina had seceded, he said that there was a lot of fools there that hadn't any sense.

"We went to Washington as usual, but most all the talk that I heard between Mr. and Mrs. Brown was about this and that state seceding and members of Congress going away from Washington or what might come.

"After a time our state seceded and we all 'gan to get ready to leave Washington. Mr. Brown was very sober an' Mrs. Brown cried, 'cause she liked to live in Washington, and both she and Mr. Brown felt mighty serus 'bout what was going to happen, which nobody could tell.

"Mr. Brown was elected to the Confederate Congress an' we went to Richmond.

"Richmond was neither so fine nor so large a place as Washington, but it was crowded with people who had come there on account of the war. Soldiers were everywhere and nobody talked about anything save the war an' the Norf and the Yankees. Everybody knew we was going to whip 'em an' I thought so, too.

"It was the thing just then for everybody to go out in de afternoon an' see de dress parade of a rigiment from South Carolina, ebery man in which was said to be a born gentleman an'

to have his colored servant with him to look after his clothes an' things.

"It was a mighty fine rigiment, I tell ye, an' dey looked grand stan'in' in a long line wid dere officers in front and a band a marchin' afore 'em; an' everybody said de Yankees would have to git when dey met dem; an' yet it seemed kinder queer den an' does now dat when de war was all about niggers an' settin' 'em free, that so many colored men should be taken along to take care of those who was fighting to keep the colored folks from ever learning anything and to have to stay slaves to be bought and sold for evermore. We didn't have so large nor so fine a house as in Washington and everything cost a good deal more. The girls had to give up getting new ribbons an' fixins and Mrs. Brown had to wear her old clothes jest as if she wasn't the wife of a rich congressman.

"Sometimes everybody was excited over a great victory and sometimes everybody felt gloomy and sad. As for clothes and meat and fine things, it kept getting harder and harder for de white folks; but everybody had enough to eat and we colored folks lived on corn meal an' potatoes an' bacon an' sich, about as we always had.

"Lots of black men worked building forts and digging ditches and making all sorts of

things to keep the Yankees out of Richmond. The forts were mostly way out of sight and I should never have seen any of them if Massa Brown hadn't for a couple of summers gone out of the city to live.

"By the time the war had been going on a year or two there want any niggers so stupid that they didn't understand that the war was all about them an' that if the Yankees whipped, the colored folks would all be free, which was what we all wanted, without thinking much about how things would be then—just, I suppose, as everybody always wants to be what they ain't.

"There were lots of Yankee prisoners in Richmond, men and officers; we sometimes saw them being taken through the streets to Libbey prison.

"One night when we were living in the country, late in the evening a tall, slim young fellow came quietly into the negro quarters where I and some other colored folks were sitting.

"We knew he was a Union soldier as soon as we saw him, and wanted help. He was pale from being so long shut up and he was hungry and cold from lying on de ground in the woods all day till it was dark enough for him to crawl up to us widout being seen.

"He was so weak he could hardly stand an'

so faint that I was afraid he was going to die right there. We warmed him the best we could widout making fire enough to show, an' we gave him corn bread an' bacon to eat an' rubbed him all over an' got him to feeling comfortable an' den one of the men went wid him to show him where to go so as to get away an' not be caught by de rebels.

"I don't know whether he got through the lines an' to de Norf or not nor who he was, but de man who went wid him said dat when he left him de man said his name was Earl an' dat his home was in Illinois, and dat if any of us who had been so good to him was eber in Lake County, an' told de folks dere what we had done for him de folks dere would take care of us long as we lived for what we had done for him, whedder he was alive or dead.

"I remember the name 'cause I had heard the white folks talk about Earls, an' how grand an' rich they were and were noblemen; an' though I knew he wasn't one of those they meant, I thought there couldn't be any nobler men than those who left their nice homes in de Norf to come down South an' suffer an' fight to free a lot of poor niggers whom they had nebber seen.

"Times got to be very hard in Richmond. Everything cost so much that even rich people

found it hard to get good things to eat and to wear.

"Bacon cost three dollars a pound. Eggs two dollars a dozen, potatoes eight dollars a bushel, coffee ten dollars a pound, molasses fifteen dollars a gallon, butter five dollars a pound, an' Mrs. Brown thought herself lucky 'cause she found a pair of shoes for one of the girls that she bought for fifty dollars.

"We kept hearing of how the Yankees had taken this place an' that, 'spite of lots of victories by the South.

"I remember how gloomy everybody was when Vicksburgh was taken an' we heard that Lee had fallen back and that Port Hudson had surrendered. Nobody could smile and everyone expected that something awful would happen.

"One day I saw a bat flying over de capitol; some white men saw it, too, an' they looked very solemn an' one of them said: 'There were signs in Rome when Caesar fell.' I did not know what he meant and don't now, but I tell ye they was mighty solemn and serus.

"After the fall of Vicksburgh things seemed to be going 'gainst the South most all of the time; prices of meat and meal were going up and it took a heap of Confederate money to get a ton of coal or a cord of wood.

"Den we heard talk 'bout making soldiers

out of niggers; settin' dem to fight de Norf.

"We colored folks couldn't help smiling when we heard of this. It seemed so funny to set us to fighting so that the Yankees shouldn't set us free. But we were so accustomed to doing just as we was told, and de colored men had been building forts to keep the Yankees off an' raising corn to feed the rebel soldiers so long that most anything seemed possible for us to do to help out those that owned us body and soul.

"I heard a good deal of talk 'bout how the people of the South were suffering everywhere on account of the war. I remember hearing Mrs. Brown and the girls talk about the good times they used to have and what nice things to eat and clothes to wear they had and how they wished the war was over. And when the young Mr. Brown, what went to Yale, was killed in battle, I thought Mrs. Brown would go crazy; and then I remembered how I felt when my Tom was taken from me, and I was sorry for her, though there's a heap of difference between having yer son killed fighting for a cause you is all bound up in and seeing your husband dragged off forever, to work and be beat an' cuffed an' kicked an' swore at, just 'cause he is a nigger an' you is a nigger woman, that's got nothing in the world but her Tom.

"Things kept getting worse and worse for

the South and harder and harder for the folks that lived in Richmond.

"There was no hope 'cept in something extraordinary, something that nobody could calculate on.

"So lots of people that generally is pretty sensible 'gan to listen to and kinder believe in dreams and visions and wild things that cranks knew was coming, sure.

"Sometimes we saw rockets; we knew they were signals from one army or the other, an' sitting in our cabins we colored folks wondered what they meant an' what was going to happen.

" 'Casionally we saw shooting stars an' we 'gan to think there was more than usual, an' maybe there was; so some of the colored preachers 'gan to talk 'bout signs an' wonders an' de coming of de Lord an' de rolling of de clouds of heaven together like a great scroll an' de burning of de world an' de great judgment an' armies of angels an' de sounding ob de great trumpet an' lots of other things.

"Everything had been going on so strange for four years; dere had been so much talk 'bout armies an' fighting an' de dead an' de dying, so much hunger an' suffering; we had heard the cannon so often and been so ready to see the city captured an' to flee so many times; there had been so many rumors and so much wild talk dat pretty nearly everybody's reason

was sorter upset and with all my troubles I 'gan to look for de day of judgment myself.

"One hazy night we saw a red light way up in the sky; white and black folks saw and talked about it, wondering what it were.

"Next day Mr. Brown said it was a balloon signal sent up by troops watching General Sheridan, but I kept thinking of the red horse told of in Revelations.

"The time came when nobody seemed to know what was going on or to happen. Ebery-thing was mysterious and dere was fear and dread just as dere is when you walk in a grave-yard in de dark.

"We heard dat Wilmington had been captured, dat Charlestown had fallen and Columbia burned. Folks said Sherman wid a big army from de West was marching up from Georgia and leaving a line of burning houses behind him. Some said they was afraid nothing could stop him, dat dese Western soldiers fought like de debil and dat all de niggers in Carolina was a following 'long after them.

"Others said dat de Emperor Napolyun was a going to send a big army to help de South; an' that General Lee was a lying low till he got Grant in de right place and den he was going to break through his lines an' drive him into de sea.

"Ebry day dar was a new story 'bout what

was going to happen and most ebery day dere was talk 'bout how the Yankees were a coming an' how scarce corn an' meat was a gitten.

"We knew dat mighty well, 'cause Massa Brown was very glad when he managed to git a bone of beef from de commissary at de government price.

"Den we heard dat there had been a lot o' fighting round Petersburgh and soldiers 'gan to march through de city and den back agin as if nobody knew where dey were wanted.

"De white folks was as mistified as de colored 'bout the ways things was going, and wid everybody it was jist a waiting an' waiting for something to happen dat nobody could do nothing to keep off or hurry on.

"Ob one thing we was all sure, dere was a going to be a big clearing up one way or tudder mighty soon, and who'd be alive and what would be left when 'twas done nobody knowed.

"Dere had been lots of talk 'bout Richmond being abandoned and everybody's going away and lebin' it to the Yankees; but we had been dere so long and dere had been so many scares dat come to nothing dat I didn't think much about it, till one Sunday I saw a lot of wagons hauling tobacco an' corn an' bacon to de Danville railroad depot, an' den I see dat men were a working at all de government offices, an' pretty soon eberybody 'gan to get excited and

to talk dat de Yankees would be in town by de next morning and dat de president and all de cabinet an' all de big officers was a going to get away as quick as dey could.

"Lord! Lord! but 'twas a busy day. De white folks all looked anxious and worried, and as if dey had lost eberything. Dey was hurrying wid all dere might gitten a few ob dere things inter trunks an' boxes and gitten dem to de depot. Wagons was a running to an' fro, ebery driver was a lashing his team an' a drivin' as fast as he could; tings was scattered about, de dust was a flying an' ebery man an' woman a workin' as hard as they could jump; an' all de while de sun was a shining an' 'twas as lubly a spring day as ye eber see.

"Yet though 'twas Sunday, de banks was all open in de afternoon an' eberybody was a gittin' dere money so as to carry it off where de Yankees couldn t git it.

"When de sun went down an' it grew dark, everybody was in de street, 'cept those dat had gone off on de railroad. Nobody went to bed dat night. Everybody was up an' a waitin' as tho' for de crack of doom.

"Afore twelve o'clock a lot ob de best people dere was went to all de saloons dey knowed of and stove in de heads of all de barrels of liquor, an' broke all de bottles so dat nobody could git drunk; but some rebel sojers wanderin' along

got hold of some liquor, what de good folks hadn't found, and dey got drunk an' 'gan to break into houses an' stores an' to rob everybody, an' den 'twas as if all de debils dere is had got loose.

"Dere was screaming an' fighting an' running to save an' to steal dis an' dat, folk in a hurry to keep what belonged to dem an' folks in a hurry to rob 'fore anyone else got a chance.

"As for me, I just stood and looked on, I was dat dazed and stupid I didn't know what to do. When I saw de white folks all so scared and worried an' fightin' to keep what things they had, I thought of de poor niggers I had known running to keep from being torn to pieces by dogs an' men, an' ob black men I had seen whipped till de blood ran down dere backs in streams, ob children sold away from dere crying mothers, ob all de fear, de dread, de awful suffrin' dat had come afore me, of my own, my lost Tom—and yet God knows dere was then in my heart no hatred toward anybody—— I only stood and waited to see de end ob all things; de coming ob de Lord, de sounding ob de great trump, the falling ob the stars, de wakin' an' risin' ob de dead and de purifying ob de world wid fire. Dus waitin', waitin', all in a maze, I felt de earth shake, saw de sky all ob flame an' flying brans, heard three

deep roars, as if ten thousand cannon had been fired at once.

"Den for a minit eberybody stopped runnin' and fightin' an' stood still wonderin' what 'twas had happened. Den some one said dey had blown up de rams, de warships, an' great clouds of smoke 'gan to come up from de valley, an' pretty soon de whole sky was lighted up wid de fires dat come from de great warehouses down by de river, an' de fire kept runnin' toward de markets and stores dat lay 'tween de hill on which lots of us was stannin', an' de buildings 'long de ribber, where de fire 'gan.

"No one tried to stop de fire. Eberybody runned away from it. White folks came bringing trunks an' bundles to de hill; dey looked tired and sad as they watched de few things dey had saved; all they had dat was then dere own. Dere faces was all covered wid dirt an' dere close was torn an' dey looked as if dey was de poorest ob white trash an' would be glad ob help from anybody. De whole ob de night de fire kept a comin' on an' de people kept a running away from it an' tryin' to find a place where dey could put down de things dey was a carrying an' rest.

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"De sun must hab risen, but nobody saw it come up, for the air was so black an' hot wid smoke dat we only knowed de day had come

'cause dere was its light as well as dat ob de fire.

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"Stunned an' awed as I was, deaf and nearly blind to what was close to me, all ob a sudden I heard people shouting as if dey were happy an' glad and not angry or 'fraid.

"I wondered, for all dat dreadful night nobody, white or black, had seemed glad or as if dey could eber be happy again. Folks had worked an' run an' fought an' screamed an' swore an' stole, an' hunted for places to hide dere tings in an' tried to git away from de fire an' de smoke an' de thieves an' de drunken men, an' eberybody seemed to hab lost all dere frens an' to be all alone trying to git away an' keep what dey had; little children had lost dere mudders an' got tired out crying an' trying to find dem, an' crawled into alleys an' corners an' laid down an' went to sleep, an' mudders callin' an' callin' an' runnin' an' runnin' seemed to gib up all hope ob eber seeing dere children again an' were just wild wid 'citement an' fear and weariness dat was more dan dey could bear, an' men didn't know what to do nor where to go wid de great bundles dey carried, an' de multitude ob folks what asked dem so many questions 'bout where folks was an' what dey should do.

"So when I heard de shoutin' ob folks dat

seemed to be glad, 'twas as if somebody had dropped in dere from de sky; tho' it didn't sound like angels—which I always thot must speak very low an' soft. Ob course I listened and de shouts grew louder an' was a comin' nearer an' nearer, an' I saw lots an' lots ob colored folks runnin' an' screaming, an' swinging dere hats an' aprons an' anything dey could get hold ob; an' right in de middle ob de street wid nobody to stop 'em or trying to, eber so many black men, colored sogers, niggers, all dressed in blue close trimmed all ober wid yellow ribbons, ridin' on horses an' carrying swords, an' I heard de trumpets blow an' saw de Union flag, de one I had known when I was young an' de one I had last seen when four years afore I looked up to de capitol when Massa Brown went away from Washington. An' now when I saw de colored sogers ridin' and de old flag a flying dere in Richmond I knowed dat all de colored folks was free, dat slavery was gone, an' men would be sold away from their wives no more.

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"When 'twas all over; when Lee and Johnson had surrendered and the white folks who fled from Richmond had come back, I 'gan to think what I would do now that I was free.

"I had become a good cook and knew that I could find work almost anywhere, but I made

up my mind to go back with Massa Brown to his plantation in the South.

"Massa Brown and Mrs. Brown and the young ladies said this was the right thing to do and that it showed I was a very sensible person. I remember that they said 'person' instead of 'nigger.'

"The real reason why I went, was not 'cause I knew I could have a good home there and would be well treated by them, but 'cause in going to the South I would be nearer where Tom had lived, where I had last seen him and where I would be more likely to hear about him, if living, where, and if dead, in what spot he lay and what had been his fate since we parted.

"I told Massa Brown that I wanted to go first to Massa Johnson's plantation, to see if I could learn anything about Tom, an' so I did.

"As I came near de old house where I was born things looked quite different from what they did when I lived there.

"The hills were the same, but many of the trees were gone and the fences for miles round had been burned.

"Sogers had camped there and had used whatever came handy to make a fire wid; there were long trenches they had dug and forts they had built.

"Everything was so different dat it made me

sad, 'cause it seemed as if Tom wouldn't know it if he came back—I coudn't find the cabin in which we lived, and when I couldn't I almost fell down right dere, 'cause I 'gan to doubt if I would find Tom even in the other world, since eberything that he and I used to know and see was so changed.

"Old Massa Sam Johnson was dead and all the boys, and the girls, they had gone away; de colored folks I used to know, dey was all gone, too. You see, when de war was ober and de colored folks was all free dey didn't know what to do. Dey was just like anybody what has been shut up for a long time, dey wanted to git out and see tings; dey wanted to go to de cities and to roam about wid nobody to tell 'em to go home or to go to work or stay in or shut up, an' so dey acted foolish just like anybody what's neber had any bringing up or any instruction would; and I guess if de colored folks hadn't acted foolish when dey got dere liberty, just had dat and nothing else in de world, dey wouldn't a been human beings, dey wouldn't.

"I couldn't find anything about Tom, nor hear who it was dat took him away nor where he went to; so I went to Massa Brown's plantation.

"Massa Brown's colored folks when dey found out dey was free, dey went to town like

all de other foolish niggers; but Massa Brown he had some sense and arter a few days he went to town where dey was, an' he talked to dem an' told dem dey had better come back and work for him an' he'd pay 'em wages, an' de best of 'em did.

"So things went on pretty smoothly on Massa Brown's place.

"God forgive me that for years I drifted away from my race and color.

"I was born a slave, made free by the fate of war, redeemed by the blood and suffering of millions of white men. I belong to a despised and downtrodden race and glory in it, for my people have never oppressed anybody—it is better to suffer than to do wrong——

"After my journey to our old home I came to think that I should never see Tom in this life; that he was dead and waiting for me to go to him.

"Living as a house servant with Massa Brown, in the quiet even course of our lives I thought only of what was around me each day, and, forgetting my people, I wonder God did not forget me.

"De black folks was dredful foolish! I think now 'twas a mistake making all de men, what hadn't any education, voters—poor ignorant souls dat most of dere lives hadn't been 'lowed to guburn demselves, how should dey

know anything 'bout guburning other folks.

"Dey did lots of things they ought not to have done, but dat want any 'scuse for shooting 'em down and whippin' dem like dogs, just 'cause dey was trying to vote as de law said dey might.

"De white folks got control as of course dey would; dey elected all de officers and dere want anybody what had any authority but white men; and yet dey want satisfied, dey wanted it so dat a nigger hadn' any rights; dat he could have only what was given to him; frowed at him same as you'd frow a bone to a dog.

"Massa Brown died, an' when he did I lost a good friend.

"He neber spoke a cross word to me in all his life, an' after my Tom, he was the most gentlemanly man I eber knew.

"His death broke up de family, de plantation had to be sold and I had to find another home.

"The folks all round knew that I was a good cook an' fond of children an' could read an' write an' dere want any trouble 'bout my getting a place, for I was still strong an' had had good health all my life; but at Mr. Little's, my new home, the white folks didn't care for or talk or sociate wid me as dey had at Massa Brown's, so I began to be more wid de colored folks dan I had been in a good many years.

"Dere was a family named Morris that I got

acquainted with and liked very much.

"Mr. Morris was a steady, hard-working man who had a little land that he had paid for and was trying to bring up and educate his children as children ought to be.

"Mrs. Morris was a mild, gentle woman, extremely fond of her husband and children, 'specially her oldest boy, Harry, who was as likely a lad as I eber knew.

"Harry was full of life and fun, he had a good voice and sang well.

"While there was mischief in him, there was nothing mean, low or unkind about him.

"Mr. Morris was a church-going man and de colored preachers when dey came his way usually stopped with him, 'cause dere want no better place 'mong de colored people and dey was always well taken care of dere.

"I guess Harry didn't like colored preachers coming dere so much; at any rate, one day Elder Blowser he drove into Mr. Morris' yard a little after sundown in de summer an' just as Harry, who had been working hard all day in de field, came up.

"Elder Blowser he got out of his carriage and sorter of frowed de lines toward Harry an' said, 'Here, boy, put up my team.' Harry was den about fourteen years old an' didn't like very well having to take care of de preacher's

hoss, when he was all tired out wid working in de field.

"So when de Elder went into de house, Harry he unharnessed de hoss an' put him in de shed an' gib him some corn an' hay an' water. By de time he had done this it was gittin' dark, so Harry he took de wheels off de preacher's wagon an' hung 'em up in de trees in de back end ob de lot an' left de wagon box a sitting on de ground.

"Den Harry he washed himself up in de creek an' went in de house an' ate his supper all alone by hisself.

"In de ebenin' de Elder he talked to de family very serious like 'bout how dey must flee away from temptation an' resist de evil one, 'cause de great adversary ob souls was all de while trying to lead 'em astray an' always going about like a roaring lion seeking to devour 'em an' to do all sorts ob wickedness an' mischief; dat all de bad things dat was done was de work ob Satan an' dat if eberybody would go to church reg'lar an' gib ob dere substance freely to de Lord an' mind what his ministers told 'em, dere wouldn't be any sorrer nor suff'ring in de world.

"Mr. Morris he didn't say much and Harry neber said a word, but he kept a thinking what de Elder would say if he knew where his wagon wheels were an' who put 'em dere.

"Mrs. Morris, who was one ob de sweetest

souls dat eber libed, she said, 'Elder, what a blessed man you are an' how I love to hear you talk.'

"In de morning Harry he got up early an' had his breakfast as soon as de sun was up, and went down in de field to work wid his father.

"Bim by de Elder he got up an' ate a nice breakfast what Mrs. Morris had got for him.

"Den he went out to git his hoss an' wagon; an' de fust thing he seed was de wagon box a sitting on de ground an' de wheels nowhere round.

"De Elder he was so 'mazed dat he couldn't speak for a minit, den he turned an' went into de house an' said to one ob de girls, 'Tell your mama to come right out here quick an' see what de debil has done.'

"So Mrs. Morris an' all de girls dey run out, an' dere was de Elder stannin' by de wagon box looking fust at de box an' den at de sky an' a raising his hands up an' down an' groaning wid all his might.

"'Tis de work ob de debil, sure,' said de Elder, 'nobody else could habe taken dem wheels off and carried dem away where nobody can find 'em an' nobody else would a wanted to; de debil had done dis to stop me on my way an' keep me from de meeting where

I was to be dis night; oh, de wiles ob de ebil one am passing all understandin'.'

"Den Mrs. Morris she sent one ob de girls down to de field to tell Mr. Morris to come right up.

"As Mr. Morris was a coming he walked through de back end ob de lot an' he seed de wagon wheels hanging in de trees dere; so when he saw de Elder he told him where de wheels were, an' de Elder he said 'twas de work ob de debil, ob de great adversary ob souls; but Mr. Morris he said nothing, though I 'spect he knew who de great adversary was dat had hung up de wheels.

"When Mr. Morris met Harry he asked him what made him do such a wicked thing, an' Harry said de Elder told him to put up his team, an' he put de harness an' de wheels up as high as he could an' he want strong enough to hang up de hoss or de wagon box.

"Dere was a Miss Bliss come dere from Vermont to teach de colored children, 'cause dere want no white folks round there that would keep school for niggers.

"Miss Bliss was as nice as anybody could be an' she was dreadful proud of de scholars she had, if dey were niggers; 'cause dey all tried to do de best dey could an' wanted to learn an' everybody 'mong de colored folks just thought she was an angel sent by de Lord. When she

went by where colored folks was dey'd all hush an' looked at her as if dey thought she had come right down from heaven.

"One day Mrs. Morris, she asked Miss Bliss an' all de scholars to come to her house for a party. So they did an' dey had all de blackberries wid sugar on 'em dey could eat an' hot biscuit wid honey; an' de little girls dey played ring round a rosey an' sung some songs; an' as I sat dere an' saw all de little girls wid dere white frocks an' de little boys wid dere clean clothes all so happy an' Mr. and Mrs. Morris looking on an' enjoying it all, I thought of the time when I was a little girl and of my Tom and of the great change that had come, and the tears were in my eyes, tears of sorrow for the past and of joy for what was.

"One day in de winter dey had exercises at de school and de grown folks went to look on. Dey sung songs and spoke pieces an' Harry he spoke a piece beginning, 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck,' and he stood up so straight and spoke so well that all the grown folks clapped their hands an' Mrs. Morris she looked so pleased and happy it would have done anybody good to have seen her.

"You see, Harry was the only boy, all the rest of the children were girls, and naturally her boy was very dear to her.

"Miss Bliss she taught the children to sing.

Harry had a fine voice and it would a done you good to a heard him an' de rest ob de scholars a singing hymns and songs 'bout liberty an' de country an' flowers an' birds an' sich.

"My! how fast de time went on. Harry kept a growin' an' growin' and got to be a mighty fine looking boy, if he was a nigger.

"He was so tall and spoke pieces so well and such a scholar—one ob de best Miss Bliss had—dat some ob de colored folks said he ought to be a preacher or go up Norf and be a lawyer, an' Mrs. Morris, poor dear, gentle soul, I don't know what thots an' dreams she didn't have 'bout her Harry.

"He used to come up and put his arm round her, an' she would look up to him, an' he would bend down an' kiss her, 'cause he had got to be a good deal taller than she was.

"An' I used to see dem walkin' out in de woods an' fields togedder, an' Harry was so careful of an' perlite to her an' would help her ober de logs an' fences an' de wet places, an' pick flowers for her and take care ob her as if she was de tenderest and de sweetest thing in de world.

"I 'member one day he come in wid a stone dat had on it a queer mark just as if a big bug had lain down on it an' left a mark where it lay; an' Harry he said dat it was a fossul an' was eber an' eber so many years old; dat

Miss Bliss had told him all about it. Now, I didn't know what a fossul was an' don't spose Mrs. Morris did, but I could see when Harry went on to talk 'bout how de rocks waz made, what Miss Biss had told him, dat his mother was awful proud of him an' dat Harry liked to tell us what he knew, just as folks always does.

"I said some ob de colored folks said Harry ought to go away and study more an' more an' git lots of larnin' an' be a preacher or some sort ob a big man. But Mr. Morris said no; dat Harry was going to stay wid him an' hab some land an' raise cotton an' corn an' dat by an' by dey would build a bigger house an' hab more things an' maybe an organ for de girls to play on.

"Mrs. Morris she didn't say much 'bout it. I know she didn't want to hab her boy go away from her but she didn't know much 'bout de world an' I spose she thot most anything was possible for Harry to do an' to be an' would hab liked to see him a great man just as any mother would.

"Bime by Harry he quit going to school an' gan to work most all ob de time on de place wid his father.

"One day, 'twas a Sunday afternoon in de blackberry season, Harry come in where we was a sittin' an' said he'd go down to de lot an'

git some berries for tea; so he took a pail an' went out.

"Mrs. Morris looked at him as he went away an' I saw de tears come in her eyes. I don't know what made 'em; maybe 'twas just 'cause she was so fond of him an' happy 'cause she had him, folks sometimes cries just for joy and happiness—an' maybe 'twas cause she feared something might happen to him, just as folks who haz eberything is kinder anxious 'bout some dreadful thing kinder droppin' from de clouds an' takin' away all dat dey love, an' dat makes dem happy.

"Somehow ob late dere seems to be a great deal more devilment on Sunday dan any odder day. Dere's lots of fellers, white an' black, dat ain't much good, gits into town an' gits full of whisky an' gits to shoutin' an' fighting an' racin' an' running about an' ready for a row or a 'sturbance ob most any kind.

"Harry want none ob dat kind; he didn't drink an' he didn't 'sociate wid fellers dat did an' he neber thot he couldn't hab a good time 'less he was howlin' round an' makin' a noise; but he was a libely cheerful boy an' liked to whistle an' to sing an' to run an' jump a fence an' climb a tree jest cause he felt well an' strong.

"Well, he went down to de lot some ways from de house an' he picked a pail full ob black-

berries and started along through de woods a comin' home; an' when he come to de road he gib a ittle run an' a shout an' jumped ober de fence inter de road, just for fun an' cause he felt lively. He didn't see her; but right dere, dere was Mollie Perkins, a nice girl, a walkin' along all by herself, an' when Harry jumped ober de fence dere in de woods it frightened her most to death an' she screamed an' ran as fast as she could; and' Harry he stopped an' stood still an' didn't know what to do; but she kept a running an' screaming an' went ober a little hill out ob sight, den Harry he walked along toward home.

"Just as she got ober de hill she met a lot ob young white fellers a comin' from town a ridin' ob dere hosses. Dey was full ob liquor an' ready for anything an' when dey heard her screamin' an' saw her runnin' dey rode up an' asked what de matter was an' she was so scared an' so out ob breath dat she could only say dat dere was a nigger had run after her and tried to catch her in de woods; an' dey started as fast as dey could make dere horses go, down de road after de nigger, an' when dey saw Harry dey rushed up an' grabbed him an' put a rope round him an' dragged him up to Miss Mollie an' asked if he was de nigger an' she said he was, an' dey cuffed him an' kicked him an' swore at him an' said dey'd string him up, an'

Harry said he'd only been pickin' berries an' didn't know she waz dere when he jumped ober de fence and want after her at all; an' dey called rm a damned lying nigger an' struck him in de face an' de blood ran out ob his mouth an' Miss Mollie she fainted away an' den dey said he had killed her an' put a rope round his neck an' waz going to string him up right off, but some ob 'em want quite so drunk said no; dat dey knowed him and he was a decent nigger an' dey ought to take him to jail an' let him hab a trial, an' de odders dey said he had 'saulted de girl and maybe killed her an' dey would kill him anyway an' dey got to quarrelin' 'mong themselves an' two or three pulled out dere guns an' filled Harry full ob bullets; shot an' killed him right dere, wid him all a bleeding from dere blows an' a saying he hadn't hurt nobody.

"When dey saw dat Harry was dead, some ob de more sober ones took Miss Mollie home and odders went to tell Mr. Morris.

"When dey come to the house they called Mr. Morris out and told him what had happened and he went with them, widout saying a word to anybody; but 'fore be came back he sent for Miss Bliss and had her come to de house and tell Mrs. Morris dat Harry was dead. So she came and took Mrs. Morris and de girls in a room and kept dem dere till they brought Harry home an' washed de blood off

his face an' took off his clothes an' brushed his hair an' wrapped him in a sheet an' put some flowers on his breast an' made him and ebery-thing look as though he hadn't been mur-dered but had just fallen down and died, an' dat everybody loved him an' was dreadful sorry.

"When Mrs. Morris came in she knelt down by de bed an' put her arms around her boy an' kissed his face an' stroked his head for I don't know how long.

"His hair was short an' kinky, just as colored folks' always is, but 'twas as dear to her an' she ran her fingers through it as gently and looked at it wid her eyes full of tears, an' sobbed as if dose black, curly locks were soft and silky as does dat grows on de head ob de hansomest white boy dat lives.

"Once I heard some one read:

'Fleecy locks and black complexion,
Cannot banish nature's claim,
Skins may differ but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.'

I don't know who wrote that, but I know it is the truth.

"Ob course, lots ob people came to the house; all de colored folks for eber so far round, an' a good many white folks came, for de Morrises were well thought of an' lots of de whites said it was a burnin' shame dat Harry should have been killed by a lot ob

drunken men, an' dat dey didn't believe he had done anything at all an' dat de men dat shot him ought to be put in prison an' tried for murder; but nobody was.

"Ob course, in a little while Mrs. Morris found out how Harry was killed an' what he was 'cused of; an' I think dat was de cruellest thing of all to her; to think that her dear good boy who neber armed anybody should be called a damned black scoundrel and dat lots of folks should say he got what he deserved and dat de papers should publish all ober de land dat Harry Morris had been lynched for 'saulting a white woman, an' dat he confessed his guilt, was somethng she could not and did not long bear; for she 'gan to droop an' be very feeble an' in about two months she died.

"But 'fore she died dere was one thing happened dat was a great comfort to her, a comfort dat nobody, not even a mother who has had her only boy die, wid eberybody loving and speaking well ob im, can understand; no one 'less dey has been in Mrs. Morris' place.

"Miss Perkins was a nice girl, as I tole ye, an' 'fore Mrs. Morrs died she came to see her an' said dat now she was calm an' had had time to think of it she didn't believe Harry eber knowed dat she was dere when he jumped ober de fence, an' dat she was awfully scared an' didn't know in de 'citement

just what she did say when dey brot Harry up an' asked if he was de man, dat she didn't want to have him killed an' was dreadful sorry for all that had happened, and she asked Mrs. Morris to forgive her for what she had done; an' Mrs. Morris said she neber had thought she had meant to tell a lie an' had neber blamed her an' that she thanked her more than she could tell for coming an' saying what she had.

* * * * * * *

"Heavenly Father, why should all this have come to me! why should I have seen all these things?

"I neber was one who ran to every excitement. I never cared to go to Yale or Washington or Richmond.

"I would have been glad to live out my days on de old plantation with my Tom, and neber have known what was outside the neighborhood where he and I were born.

"Some folks talk about fate and say we is all destined to be what we is and to hab what happens to us. I believe in God and that I have been in his hands, sent where he willed and led as he thought best; but oh! it has been so hard, so hard, to be despised and persecuted all one's days for that no one can help, and no one is to blame for.

Mr. Morris did not live long either; and after

he died I felt more lost and lonesome dan I had in a long time.

"There was a number of colored folks going to Texas, they was building railroads there, an' colored folks was wanted to do it, and dere was lots of talk 'bout de new country an' de new land and some 'citement, just as dere always is when folks is doing what's out ob de ordinary course ob things; so I went along just 'cause I might as well go dere as stay where I was.

"Things wa'nt so very different in Texas 'cept dat dere was lots of work making railroads and lots ob colored folks libed 'long de road and didn't do nothing 'cept work on it.

"Now I says dat working in great gangs 'way from dere faders an' mudders widout any wives or children isn't good for colored folks any more dan it is for white.

"De best colored folks I eber knew libed in what dey called dere home, 'twant fine nor big but it was deres, or least it seemed so to dem, an' dey had a notion ob trying to be 'spectable an' fixin' up a Sundays an' enjoying dere homes and likin' to be wid dere families and seeing dem comfortable an' happy. Somehow, it seems as if de boys when dey gets a long time to libin' alone wid men and neber seeing any families gets to feeling awful smart an' free an' to drinkin' an' fighting an' maybe stealin'

while dey isn't sleepin' or workin.' So dere was a good many colored men workin' on dem railroads an' eatin' an' sleepin' in dem big sheds what was kinder disagreeable when day got out an' thot dey was habin' a good time.

"Ob course, dere was lots ob as nice and 'spectable colored folks in Texas as dere is anywhere. I libed in de family of a Mr. Ransom what had a big plantation pretty near a small town by de name of Youtsey. I was still a good cook and able to do a good deal ob work an' had no trouble getting a place. Dere worked for Mr. Ransom a man whom dey called Sam, an' his brudder Joe. Sam had a wife, Lizzie, an' de three libed in a little cabin close by de big house, dat the white folks had.

"Dey was three steady going colored people wid no foolishnees about 'em.

"Mr. Ransom sold potatoes an' cabbage an' hay an' lots ob stuff to de folks workin' on de railroad, an' most ebery day Sam or Joe would go to town an' down along de road wid a load ob truck for de railroad folks. Sam and Lizzie had three children, de oldest a boy 'bout ten.

"One day Sam an' Joe went off wid a load to sell, same as dey was used to.

"Now dat day dere was a white woman found dead in a field wid her head mashed in, an' folks said she had been ravished. Ob course eberybody was mighty stirred up and people

'gan to talk 'bout who it was dat did it. Den somebody said dat some no account niggers what worked a buildin' de railroad had been round de place where she was found, an' den all de white men started out to find 'em.

"Sam an' Joe had sold most ob dere load to de railroad people an' were drivin' home when a couple ob colored men came up an' wanted to buy one ob de melons day had left. So Sam an' Joe let 'em hab a melon an' was a chattin' wid dese two fellers when up comes a lot ob dese white men, an' some ob dem said dat de two colored men what was eatin' de melon had been down to de place where de dead woman libed dat day, an' dey believed dey was de fellers what killed her.

"Den all de white men dey rushed up an' seized dem two colored boys an' 'gan to ask 'em where dey had been dat morning an' to 'cuse dem ob killing de white woman, an' de boys was scared an' tried to talk but didn't get mor'n half a chance to tell what they wanted to, 'cause there was so many talking an' yelling an' swearing at 'em all at once.

"And dey say dey didn't tell a straight story, anyway, an' dat what dey said one time wasn't 'sistent wid what dey said at another, an' maybe it wa'nt; 'twouldn't be very strange if dey didn't make eberything plain an' simple when dey was talkin' to a mob what was cursin' dem wid all

dere might an' threatening to hang 'em de next minit. An' maybe dey had killed de white woman an' was lying. I don't know, nor nobody else.

"Ob course, de folks asked Sam and Joe where dey had met dese fellers and how long dey had been together an' what dey had been doing; an' de less Sam and Joe said 'bout knowing dem an' habin' been with them de more de crowd thot that they was lying and knew all about what they had been doing.

"Den de husband ob the woman what was killed came up an' ob course he was half crazy an' dreadfully 'cited an' wanted somebody hung right off.

"As nobody could be made to 'fess anything, de crowd said let's hang 'em up awhile an' see what they'll say then.

"Somebody got ropes an' dey put dem round de necks ob all four an' pulled 'em up an' choked 'em for a minit an' then let 'em down an' asked dem again where dey had been and what dey knew 'bout de killing ob de white woman.

"Sam an' Joe was mighty scared an' out ob breath an' de most dey said was dat dey libed on Mr. Ransom's place an' asked for somebody to go after him. The other two didn't say much; I don't know as they could, dey was a bleedin' at de mouth an' I guess dey knew it was all up

with them, that the crowd would kill 'em anyway.

"One man went to tell Mr. Ransom, an' while he was gone de crowd strung 'em up again to see if dey couldn't make 'em say dat dey had killed de woman or knew who did an' where dey was; but none ob de four owned up or told anything 'bout anybody, only, so de white folks say—'told stories and didn't agree an' lied about something anyway.'

"De man what went for Mr. Ransom he came to his place, but Mr. Ransom wasn't there an' so he told Sam's wife, Lizzie, 'bout de trouble he an' poor Joe was in an' she started fast as she could run wid her oldest boy, George, wid her to go to where de man said Sam was. But 'fore dey got dere de crowd had got so 'cited dat dey was just crazy. Some white men what knew Sam and Joe an' where dey libed tried to reason wid 'em, but it didn't do no good, dey was so 'furiated when dey seed de woman's husband crying an' shouting dat dey was bound to hang somebody anyway and dey pulled all ob de four up again an' let 'em hang till dey was dead.

"Den de crowd stood 'round swearing an' mad 'cause nobody had owned up; an' talking 'bout odders dey 'spected had a hand in de 'buse ob de white woman an' what dey would

do to 'em an' what dey would teach de damned niggers.

"When Lizzie and George came a runnin' up an' when dey seed Sam an' Joe a hangin' dere dey stopped an' couldn't go no furder an' 'gan to cry an' broke down ob course.

"Den Lizzie sorter got calm or crazy, I don't know which, for 'twas a awful foolish thing to do, but she was dreadful fond ob her husband, an' she went up to the crowd an' pointed to Sam an' said: he was her husband an' asked if they wouldn't let her take his body an' carry it home to Mr. Ransom's where she lived.

"The crowd was so crazy that this seemed to set 'em all on fire, dey was mad dat anybody should care for any ob de damned niggers dey had hung, an' 'fore most ob de people knew what dey was doing some ob dem put a rope round Lizzie's neck an' pulled her up an' choked her to death right there, wid her little boy a lookin' on an' crying, 'Mammy, mammy, mammy'.

" 'Hung a woman? Oh, no. that cannot be,' I exclaimed.

" 'Hung a woman', she replied, 'I don't wonder you don't believe it, but you will find the whole story in the Texas papers, an' lots of others, if you will look it up,' she said, 'an' what if they did, is it any worse to hang a woman for something she knows nothing of

than to kill a man for what he hasn't done?'

"Oh! my God! my God! why was I born to be despised and robbed? Why should all I had, all I had, my husband, have been sold away from me? How long, how long, Oh Lord! must we be a despised race, because thou hast made us black? My years are many, my days are weary! always thus, always thus, they have been.

"God has helped me through it all, blessed be His name! I have never lost faith in Him. He has held me up when all else failed, and He will take me to my own, my own, in His good time."

NOTE.

The Statute of South Carolina, enacted in 1834, contained among other provisions as to colored people, the following:

"Section 1. If any person shall hereafter teach any slave to read or write, or shall aid or assist in teaching any slave to read or write, or cause or procure any slave to be taught to read or write, such person, if a free white person, upon conviction thereof shall, for each and every offense against this act, be fined not exceeding $100 and imprisonment not more than six months; or, if a free person of color, shall be whipped not exceeding fifty lashes, and fined not exceeding $50, at the discretion of

the court of magistrates and freeholders before which such free person of color is tried; and if a slave, to be whipped, at the discretion of the court, not exceeding fifty lashes, the informer to be entitled to one-half the fine and to be a competent witness. If any free person of color or slave shall keep any school or other place of instruction for teaching any slave or free person of color to read or write, such free person of color or slave shall be liable to the same fine, imprisonment and corporal punishment as by this act are imposed and inflicted on free persons of color and slaves for teaching slaves to write."

Section 2 prohibited the employment of colored persons "As clerks or salesmen in or about any shop, store, or house used for trading."

The Statutes of Virginia enacted in 1831 were in part as follows:

"Section 4. And be it enacted, That all meetings of free negroes or mulattoes at any schoolhouse, church, meeting-house, or other place, for teaching them reading or writing, either in the day or night, under whatsoever pretext, shall be deemed and considered an unlawful assembly; and any justice of the county or corporation wherein such assemblage shall be, either from his own knowedge, or on the information of others of such unlawful assemblage or meeting, shall issue his warrant directed

to any sworn officer or officers, authorizing him or them to enter the house or houses where such unlawful assemblage or meeting may be, for the purpose of apprehending or dispersing such free negroes or mulattoes, and to inflict corporal punishment on the offender or offenders, at the discretion of any justice of the peace, not exceeding 20 lashes.

"Section 5. And be it enacted, That if any person or persons assemble with free negroes or mulattoes at any school-house, church, meeting-house, or other place, for the purpose of instructing such free negroes or mulattoes to read or write, such person or persons shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in a sum not exceeding $50 fine, and, moreover, may be imprisoned, at the discretion of a jury, not exceeding two months.

"Section 6. And be it enacted, That if any white person, for pay or compensation, shall assemble with any slaves for the purpose of teaching, and shall teach any slave to read or write, such person, or any white person or persons contracting with such teacher so to act, who shall offend as aforesaid, shall for each offense, be fined, at the discretion of a jury, in a sum not less than $10, nor exceeding $100, to be recovered on an information or indictment."

The law of North Carolina provided that no

descendant from negro ancestors to the fourth generation inclusive should enjoy the benefit of the public schools.

The law of Mississippi enacted in 1823 forbade the meeting together of slaves, free negroes or mulattoes to the number of more than five, at any house for teaching, reading or writing. A statute enacted in 1831 forbade the preaching of the gospel by any slave, free negro or mulatto and prescribed as a punishment therefor thirty-nine lashes upon the bare back; but permitted a negro, with the written permission of his master, to preach to negroes in his immediate neighborhood provided six respectable white persons, owners of slaves, were present.

The law of Missouri enacted in 1847 forbade any person to keep or teach any school for the instruction of negroes or mulattoes in reading or writing.

In 1830 there was enacted in Louisiana a statute forbidding free negroes entering the state and also that whoever should "write, print, publish, or distribute anything having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population, or insubordination among the slaves, 'should on conviction thereof be imprisoned 'at hard labor for life, or suffer death, at the discretion of the court.'

And whoever used language calculated to

produce discontent among the free or slave population, or was "instrumental in bringing into the State any paper, book or pamphlet having such tendency," was to "suffer imprisonment at hard labor, not less than three years nor more than twenty-one years, or death, at the discretion of the court." And that "all persons, who should teach, or permit or cause to be taught, any slave to read or write should be imprisoned not less than one month nor more than twelve months."

In Georgia, in 1829, the following was enacted:

"If any slave, negro, or free person of color, or any white person, shall teach any other slave, negro or free person of color to read or write either written or printed characters, the said free person of color or slave shall be punished by fine and whipping, or fine or whipping, at the discretion of the court; and if a white person so offend, he, she, or they shall be punished with a fine not exceeding $500, and imprisonment in the common jail at the discretion of the court."

In Savannah, the chief city of that State, it was in 1833 by ordinance provided, "that if any person shall teach or cause to be taught any slave or free person of color to read or write within the city, or who shall keep a school for that purpose, he or she shall be fined in a

sum not exceeding $100, for each and every such offense; and if the offender be a slave or free person of color, he or she may also be whipped, not exceeding thirty-nine lashes."

1. In Connecticut under a Statute created May 24, 1833, Miss Prudence Crandall was in 1834 convicted and sent to prison for the offence of keeping a school for the education of colored girls.

2. In Alabama it was enacted in 1832 that "Any person or persons who shall attempt to teach any free person of color or slave to spell, read or write, shall, on conviction thereof under indictment be fined not less than $250, nor more than $500."

In Illinois, the State of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, for many years prior thereto and at the beginning of the Civil War the following, known as the "Black Code," was the law of the State respecting people of color:

No black or mulatto person or Indian shall be permitted to give evidence in favor or against any white person whatsoever. Every person who shall have one-fourth part or more of negro blood shall be deemed a mulatto; and every person who shall have one-half Indian blood shall be deemed an Indian.

A negro, mulatto or Indian shall not be a witness in any court, or in any case against a white person. A person having one-fourth part

negro blood shall be adjudged a mulatto.

If any person shall harbor or secrete any negro, mulatto or person of color, the same being a slave or servant, owing service or labor to any other persons, whether they reside in this State, or any other State or territory, or district within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States, or shall in anywise hinder or prevent the lawful owner or owners of such slaves or servants, from retaking them in a lawful manner, every such person so offending, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemenor, and fined, not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisoned, not exceeding six months.

No black or mulatto person, shall be permitted to reside in this State, until such person shall produce to the county commissioner's court where he or she is desirous of settling, a certificate of his or her freedom; which certificate shall be duly authenticated in the same manner that is required to be done, in cases arising under the acts and judicial proceedings of other States. And until such person shall have given bond, with sufficient security, to the people of this State, for the use of the proper county, in the penal sum of one thousand dollars, conditioned that such person will not, at any time, become a charge to said county, or any other county of this State, as a poor

person, and that such person shall, at all times demean himself or herself, in strict conformity with the laws of this State, that now are or hereafter may be enacted; the solvency of said security shall be approved by said clerk. The clerk shall file said bond, and if said bond shall in any condition thereof be broken, the whole penalty shall become forfeited, and the clerk, on being informed thereof, shall cause the said bond to be prosecuted to so produce and indorse a certificate on the original certificate, stating the time the said bond was approved and filed; and the name and description of the person producing same; after which it shall be lawful for such free negro or mulatto to reside in this State.

Sec. 2. If any person shall harbor such negro or mulatto as aforesaid, not having such certificate, and given bond, and taken a certificate thereof, or shall hire, or in any wise give sustenance to such negro or mulatto, not having such certificate of freedom, and of having given bond, shall be fined in the sum of five hundred dollars, one-half thereof to the use of the county, and the other half to the party giving information thereof: Provided, This section shall not affect any negro or mulatto who is now a resident of this State.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of all free negroes and mulattoes who shall have come to

reside in this State, having a family of his or her own, and having a certificate as mentioned in the first section of this chapter, to give to the clerk of the county commissioners' court, at the time of making an entry of his certificate, a description with the names and ages of his, her, or their family, which shall be stated by the clerk in the entry made by him of such certificate; and the clerk shall also state the same on the original certificate: Provided, however, That nothing contained in this or the preceding section of this chapter, shall be construed to prevent the overseers of the poor in any township from causing any such free negro or mulatto to be removed, who shall come into this State contrary to the provisions of the laws concerning the poor.

Sec. 4. Every black or mulatto person (slaves or persons held to service excepted) residing in this State, shall enter his or her name (unless they have heretofore entered the same), together with the name or names of his or her family, with the clerk of the county commissioners' court of the county in which they reside, together with the evidence of his or her freedom; which shall be entered on record by the said clerk, together with a description of all such persons; and thereafter the clerk's certificate of such record shall be sufficient evidence of his or her freedom: Provided, That nothing in

this chapter contained, shall be construed to bar the lawful claim of any person or persons to any such negro or mulatto.

Sec. 5. Every black or mulatto person who shall be found in this State, and not having such a certificate as is required by this chapter, shall be deemed a runaway slave or servant, and it shall be lawful for any inhabitant of this State, to take any such black or mulatt person before some justice of the peace, and should such black or mulatto person not produce such certificate as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of such justice to cause such black or mulatto person to be committed to the custody of the sheriff of the county, who shall keep such black or mulatto person, and in three days after receiving him, shall advertise him, at the court house door, and shall transmit a notice, and cause the same to be advertised for six weeks in some public newspaper printed nearest to the place of apprehending such black person or mulatto, stating a description of the most remarkable features of the supposed runaway, and if such person so committed shall not produce a certificate or other evidence of his freedom, within the time aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the sheriff to hire him out for the best price he can get, after having given five days' previous notice thereof, from month to month for the space of one year; and if no owner

shall appear and substantiate his claim before the expiration of a year, the sheriff shall give a certificate to such black or mulatto person, who on producing the same at the next circuit court of the county, may obtain a certificate from the court stating the facts, and the person shall be deemed a free person, unless he shall be lawfully claimed by his proper owner or owners therafter. And as a reward of the taking up of such negro, there shall be paid by the owner, if any, before he shall receive him from the sheriff, ten dollars, and the owner shall pay to the sheriff for the justice two dollars, and reasonable costs for taking such runaway, to the sheriff, and also pay the sheriff all fees for keeping such runaway as other prisoners; Provided, however, that the proper owner, if any there be, be entitled to the hire of any such runaway from the sheriff, after deducting the expenses of the same; and provided also that the taker up shall have a right to claim any reward which the owner shall have offered for the apprehension of such runaway; should any taker up claim any such reward, he shall not be entitled to the allowance made by this section.

Sec. 6. If any negro or mulatto, being the property of a citizen of the United States, residing without this State shall hereafter come into this State for the purpose of hiring himself or herself to labor in this State, and shall

afterwards institute or procure to be instituted any suit or proceedings for the purpose of procuring his or her freedom, it shall be the duty of the court before which the suit or proceeding shall be instituted or pending on being satisfied that such negro or mulatto had come into this State for the purpose aforesaid, to dismiss such suit or proceeding, and cause the same to be certified to the sheriff of the county, who shall immediately take possession of such negro or mulatto, whose duty shall be to confine such negro or mulatto in the jail of his county, and notify the owner of such slave of the committment aforesaid, and that said owner make immediate application for such slave; and it shall be the duty of the sheriff on such application being made, after all reasonable costs and charges being paid, to deliver to said owner such negro or mulatto slave.

Sec. 7. Every servant, upon the expiration of his or her time, and proof thereof made before the circuit court of the county where he or she last served, shall have his or her freedom recorded, and a certificate thereof, under the hand of the clerk, which shall be sufficient to indemnify any person for entertaining or hiring such person; and if such certificate should happen to be torn or lost, the clerk upon request shall issue another, reciting therein the loss of the former.

Sec. 8. Any person who shall hereafter bring into this State any black or mulatto person, in order to free him or her from slavery, or shall directly or indirectly bring into this State, or aid or assist any person in bringing any such black or mulatto person, to settle and reside therein, shall be fined one hundred dollars, on conviction on indictment, or before any justice of the peace in the county where such offense shall be committed.

Sec. 9. If any slave or servant shall be found at a distance of ten miles from the tenement of his or her master, or the person with whom he or she lives, without a pass or some letter or token whereby it may appear that he or she is proceeding by authority from his or her master, employer or overseer, it shall and may be lawful for any person to apprehend and carry him or her before a justice of the peace, to be by his order punished with stripes not exceeding thirty-five at his discretion.

Sec. 10. If any slave shall presume to come and be upon the plantation or at the dwelling of any person whatsoever, without leave from his or her owner, not being sent upon lawful business, it shall be lawful for the owner of such plantation, or dwelling house, to give or order such slave or servant ten lashes on his or her bare back.

Sec. 11. Riots, routs, unlawful assemblies,

trespasses and seditious speeches, by any slave or slaves, servant, or servants, shall be punished with stripes, at the discretion of a justice of the peace, not exceeding thirty-nine, and he who will may apprehend and carry him, her or them before such justice.

Sec. 12. If any person or persons shall permit or suffer any slave or slaves, servant or servants of color, to the number of three or more, to assemble in his, her or their out-house, yard, or shed for the purpose of dancing or revelling, either by night or by day, the person or persons so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty dollars with costs to any person or persons who will sue for and recover the same by action of debt or by indictment in any court of record proper to try the same.

Sec. 13. It shall be the duty of all foreigners, sheriffs and justices of the peace, who shall see or know of, or be informed of any such assemblage of slaves or servants, immediately to commit such slaves or servants to the jail or county, and on view or proof thereof, order each and every such slave or servant to be whipped not exceeding thirty-nine stripes, on his or her bare back, on the day next succeeding such assemblage, unless it shall happen on a Sunday, then on the Monday following; which said stripes shall be inflicted by any constable of

the township, if there should be one therein, or otherwise, by any person or persons whom the said justice shall appoint, and who shall be willing so to inflict the same: Provided, however, That the provisions hereof shall not apply to any persons of color who may assemble for the purpose of amusement, by permission of their masters, first had in writing, on condition that no disorderly conduct is made of by them in such assemblage.

Sec. 14. In all cases of penal laws, where free persons are punishable by fine, servants shall be punished by whipping, after the rate of twenty lashes for every eight dollars, so that no servant shall receive more than forty lashes at any one time unless such offender can procure some person to pay the fine.

Sec. 15. No person shall buy, sell, or receive off, to or from any servant or slave, any coin or commodity, without leave or consent of the master or owner of such slave or servant, and any person so offending shall forfeit and pay to the master or owner of such slave or servant four times the value of the thing so bought, sold or received, to be recovered with costs of suit, before any court having cognizance of the same.

Sec. 16. Any such servant being lazy, disorderly, guilty of misbehavior to his master or master's family, shall be corrected by stripes, on order from a jus-

tice of the county wherein he resides; or refusing to work, shall be compelled thereto in like manner, and moreover shall serve two days for every one he shall have so refused to serve, or shall otherwise have lost, without sufficient justification. All necessary expenses incurred by any master for apprehending and bringing home any absconding servant, shall be repaid by further services, after such rates as the circuit court of the county shall direct, unless such servant shall give security, to be approved by the court, for the payment in money within six months after he shall be free from service, and shall accordingly pay the same.

Sec. 17. All contracts between masters and servants, during the time of service, shall be void.

Sec. 18. The benefit of any contract of service shall be assignable by the master to any person being a citizen of this State, to whom the servant shall, in the presence of a justice of the peace, freely consent that it shall be assigned the said justice attesting such free consent in writing; and shall also pass to the executors, administrators and legatees of the master.

Sec. 19. No negro, mulatto or Indian, shall at any time purchase any servant, other than of his own complexion; and if any of the persons

aforesaid shall nevertheless, presume to purchase a white servant such servant shall immediately, and shall be so held, deemed and taken.

Sec. 20. Servants shall be provided by the master with wholesome and sufficient food, clothing and lodging, and at the end of their service, if they shall not have contracted for any reward, food, clothing and lodging, shall receive from him one new and complete suit of clothing, suited to the season of the year, to wit: A coat, waiscoat, pair of breeches and shoes, two pair of stockings, two shirts, a hat and blanket.

Sec. 21. If any servant shall at any time bring in goods or money during the term of their service, shall by gift or other lawful means, acquire goods or money, they shall have the property and benefit thereof to their own use: and if any servant shall be sick or lame, and so become useless or chargeable, his or her master or owner, shall maintain such servant until his or her time of service shall be expired; and if any master or owner shall put away any lame or sick servant, under pretense of freedom, and such servant becomes chargeable to the county, such master or owner, shall forfeit and pay thirty dollars to the overseers of the poor of the county wherein such offense shall be committed, to the use of the poor of the county re-

coverable with costs, by action of debt, in any circuit court; and moreover, shall be liable to the action of the said overseers of the poor at the common law for damages.

Sec. 22. The circuit court of every county shall at all times, receive the complaints of servants, being citizens of any of the United States of America, who reside within the jurisdiction of such court, against their masters or mistresses, alleging underserved or immoderate correction, insufficient allowances of food, raiment or lodging or any failure in the duties of such master or mistress as prescribed in this chapter, and the said circuit court shall hear and determine complaints of masters and mistresses against their servants, for desertion without good cause, and may oblige the latter for loss thereby occasioned, to make restitution by further services after the expiration of the time for which they had been bound.

Sec. 23. Any black, colored or mulatto man and white woman, and any white man and black, colored or mulatto woman, who shall live together in an open state of adultery or fornication, or adultery and fornication, shall be indicted, and on conviction, severally fined, in any sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, and confined in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding one year. For the second offense, the punishment shall be double; for the third,

trebled, and in the same ratio for each succeeding offense.

Generous provision was made for the education of white children, the entire school law discriminating against the colored child by the continually repeated expression "white."

In 1862, more than a year after the firing on Fort Sumter, when nearly a million of men were in arms for the preservation of the Union, the question of incorporating the infamous "Black Code" of Illinois into the constitution of that State, and thus preventing its repeal by legislative action was presented to the voters of the State, with the result that there was given a majority of about one hundred seventy-five thousand in favor of perpetuating forever these iniquitious laws.

In 1865, after the close of the war, public sentiment had so changed that they were repealed with little opposition.

Until the close of the Civil War the "Black Code" of Indiana was quite similar to that of Illinois.

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